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THE
Protestants Ave Mary,

ON THE
Arrival of Her most Gracious Majesty,

MARY,
Queen of England.

HAIL all that's Great or Good! and let the Hail
O'er spread Three Kingdoms, and like Truth prevail:
Hail Mary! 'twas of old the Voice of Heaven;
Nor are we Mortals of our share bereaven.

Hail Mary full of Grace! speaks yet more clear,
Since ev'ry Vertue is Constellate here.

And all the Graces so entirely meet,
That nothing less could such a Princess Greet.

Nor rest we here: *The LORD is with thee too:*

Or thy Great Lord could ne'er such Wonders do.

Wonders! may well th' alarm'd World Surprise;

It was of GOD, and marvellous in our Eyes!

Wonders! as put its Motion to a stand,

And not His Finger speaks, but Mighty Hand.

Advance yet higher, and pursue the Hind;

Blessed art thou amongst all Womankind:

Since thou com'st cloath'd with Innocence and Peace,

And bring'st the Charms, to make our Tempests cease:

Since by thy Vertues we shall now Retrieve

Our gasping Laws, and gain them a Reprieve.

Thy *WILLIAM*'s maintain'd Ray will restore,

England the Lustre it enjoy'd before;

Our shatter'd Liberties and Laws maintain,

And calmly Anchor Church and State again.

But oh! We grieve, that yet, we can't apply,

The last Division of that *Rosary*.

We Wish, we Hope, we Pray, and will Pray on,

Till we have gain'd Heaven's Favour in a SON:

That then we may the whole Salute repeat,

And make our Joys, as well as That compleat.

Ye Miter'd Heads assist, call to Assist,

Your strongest Zeals, and with them storm the Skies;

We know, that fervent Prayer did never fail,

And let *Rome* know, such Hereticks can prevail,

And with a Holy Violence pluck down,

A real Issue to support the Crown,

Whilst their Addresses to *Loretto* made,

Did only gain a Son in Masquerade.

Thus we, to our Great *MARY*, pay our Hails,

With Hearts as full, and swelling as her Sails;

Thanks Winds, and Seas, and Ships, that waited o'er,

Our Blessed *LADY* to the British Shore.

But above all, Thanks be to Heaven alone,

That led Her from a State, unto a Throne;

Where

Where She will hold (guided by th' Hand of GOD)
The Dovelike Scepter, not an Iron Rod:
So our late Model; She may them Reform,
And with true *English* Interest perform,
What *James* first promis'd; and advance our Glory,
Beyond the Limits of Ancestral Story:

For what can't *England* do, would she awake?
Give Laws to *Europe*, and make Empires shake.
Keep Mistress of the Undisputed Maine,
And hold the Ballance Just, 'twixt *France*, and *Spain*;
And once more make her useles Cannons Roar,
Through both the *Indies*, and bring back their Ore.
Search out new World, and Conquer old Ones too,
Bomb *Mexico*, and Subjugate *Peru*:
Beard the Proud *Sophy*, and the Grand *Mogul*;
These are the Rays would make thy Glory full.
Such mighty Acts, would make a Perfect Reign,
And our Great *WILLIAM* Conquerour again.

Shame, that our Lions should thus Dormant lye,
And all our Spirits in a Lethargy;
What have we done, but sought, what Saint's Day next?
And our Care was, t' observe the *Jesuits* Text;
To Court that Miss, to Profelyte this Fool,
To see that Play, and to make this Man, Tool;
To undermine, by Clofet-work, the Brave,
To awe the Vertuous, and advance the Knave;
To hector little Masters of the Arts,
To study how to lose the Peoples Hearts.

These were our Works, when *Lobs*, and *Pens*, and *Brents*,
Were to our Court the Mighty Ornaments;
These were the Statesmen cull'd from all the rest,
Yet, if once try'd, could never stand the Test;
Since by these little Arts, they vilely made
French Lillies flourish, and our *English* fade.

But now the Scene is chang'd, the Cloud's dispers'd,
And we reliev'd from all we were oppres'd;
Our Angel comes, by whose Diviner Ray,
Darkness is fled, and we salute the Day;
Welcome, thrice Welcome, to the *Old Whitehal*,
Thy Glorious Presence makes us happy all.
To Providence, and Thee, we ought to raise
Altars for Thanks, and Pyramids for Praise;
The Church shall Triumph, and the State Rejoyce,
And sing *Te Deums* with united Voice:
So may't thou be belov'd by Wholes, not Parts,
And ever live the Regent Queen of Hearts:
And with it gain all Purles, Arms, and Men,
Proud to enforce the Treaty *Nimeguen*.
Then Visit *Monfieur* with United Powers,
See *Paris* too, and humble her high Towers;
Storm the *Bastile*, possess the *Lowvre* too;
What can't Great *WILLIAM* and Bright *MARY* do!

Revenge *Aurange*, and with Confederates call
Such as shall make his Slaves poor Quakers all.
Force *Lofty Louis* Abdicate his Crown,
Time bars no Prince's Right, 'tis still thy own;
And when that Mighty Monarch's brought thus low,
For Pitty's sake, allow him *Fountainbleau*.

Thus may'st thou Conquer, and *Amen* all say,
Thus may'st thou Reign, whiles we our Homage Pay,
And make thy Entry, our Great *Lady-Day*.